

The Guide to Holiness.

AUGUST, 1861.

PERFECT LOVE—DELAYING ITS ATTAINMENT.

WE have said, in a former article, that the attainment of perfect love should not be delayed, because God's Word and the concurring Spirit make it a present duty;—because the divine commands and promises and persuasions are directed solely to the present time. This ought to be decisive. The will of God should be our rule, and forbid any opposing thought. But we urge, as a corroborative consideration, that—

This delay is a great loss of spiritual power.

A holy life has certain ends to accomplish, and there are, appointed of God, specific means to those ends. A general statement of the purpose of a holy life is, *that the creature may glorify the Creator.* This is to be done in various ways, but perfect love affords the only adequate qualification for so high a calling. In failing to possess it, as we have remarked, we fail of the required power, and the work is partially and inefficiently done.

Passing through the Charlestown Navy Yard at one time, we observed some immense timbers of the framework of a steamship being hoisted into their proper position. To do this, science and the mechanic arts had provided certain appliances by which this was done with ease, expedition, and accuracy. The power provided was used, and the work was accomplished. Now suppose these appliances had been used in an imperfect manner, the several parts being crippled by friction and defects of adjustment and material; with what additional labor would the huge framework have been raised. Not only would the ship have been longer in building, at a greater expense of money and of physical and mental toil, but it would have been a poor ship when done. In its vital parts, where it needed most strength, it would be weakest. It would poorly glorify its architect and builder. Subsequently we saw this noble ship launched and fitted for sea. It was the boast of her builders that her engines were the most perfect possible,—that she lacked no motive power that could be obtained. What she has since done has justified their confidence. She has safely met the dangers of the winds and waves, and carried her country's flag with honor into foreign and distant ports. She has a beauty that delights and attracts all who see her, and a power mighty to defend her government, and terrible to destroy her enemies.

The remains of sin in the heart are to the Christian what disjointed timbers and badly adjusted machinery are to the steamship. Though no piece of timber may be lacking, no part of

the engines wanting, yet they may not be perfect of their kind. So a renewed man may have all the graces of a Christian, but without perfect love, they are illy fitted to each other. There is much friction and loss of power. Remaining corruption takes away a measure both of beauty and strength. The Church of God—our spiritual Zion—is symbolized in speech and song, as a ship. Her individual members constitute her as a whole. How poorly, in comparison with the strength she *might* have had, she has been able to outride the tempestuous seas on which she has been tossed, and how imperfectly she has honored the blood-bought banner of the cross, under which she has sailed, God and the world are witnesses. No one can doubt that she needs *to-day* all the power provided for her; yet practically her members say, "We prefer the friction and imperfect machinery. At least, they would try the experiment of a gradual improvement, rather than the immediate adjustment. Now, as it has pleased the Master-Builder to guarantee, on certain practicable conditions, to complete at once the working power of every part for each individual Christian, and through each, that of the whole spiritual ship, we submit that the attainment of such an advantage ought not to be delayed.

There is another important idea in this connection. Though it is true that the motive power of a steamship, even when made as perfect at first as science and art can make it, does not increase by long usage, but rather diminishes; yet with Zion it is not so. With her children it is not so. When their power is made perfect, it is the first and best condition of expansive and perpetually increasing strength. A delay of perfecting the power is then a delay of this advantageous increase. We may say, reverently, that God can best develop the power of any individual, so that he may live in the "fullness of God," by taking full possession of his heart at once.

THE MODEL REVIVAL—ITS GREAT CHARACTERISTIC.

The "Day of Pentecost" was "the beginning of days" in point of interest in the Christian Church. There had been great days in the history of the Mosaic dispensation. The time of the giving of the law from Sinai was such a day. And it is worthy of notice that it stood related to the pentecost of which we speak in several important particulars. The law was uttered amidst solemn displays of divine power, *just fifty days after the slaying of the pascal lamb in Egypt.* The gospel pentecost came fifty days from the slaying of the true Pascal Lamb, attended by a sound as of a rushing mighty wind, and cloven tongues of fire, and the inspiration of miraculous gifts. As the pious Jew would regard the time in which God spoke to his people his will as the most grand and solemn in its consequences to

the nation, so the truly devout Christian turns his thoughts with profound interest to the first gospel pentecost. He sees that the prophets did so. Joel spake of it with rapture (Joel ii. 28); and Isaiah with his accustomed eloquence (Isaiah xlv. 3); and Christ dwelt upon it, in his last discourse with his disciples, charging them not to enter upon their work until it came, but to wait for its crowning qualification. So great were the immediate changes that it wrought, and the permanent and far-reaching fruit which it bore, that it must ever be considered as the model revival of the Christian era. All periods claimed as religious revivals must have its essential features. It had its own local incidents, as may every revival; but its prevailing character is an essential of all relative periods.

What was that essential feature? The answer is apparent to the plainest reader. *It was the special presence of the Holy Spirit.* Of this as the occasion of interest in this day, Isaiah, Joel, and Christ spoke. It was *his* presence which so instantly changed the timid disciples into fearless pioneers of gospel truth. It was this that added to the church daily such as should be saved. It was this that caused the multitude to run together to hear the speech of the disciples, which was indeed new as well in its spirit as in its varied form of words, confounding and amazing them, and causing them to noise abroad, in "every nation under heaven" from which they came, the wonderful things of God.

Thus has the special presence of the Holy Ghost been the essential element of every revival of Christian history. We need only refer to a few of those of comparatively recent date. The great awakening in the days of Jonathan Edwards had this feature. The Spirit startled the sleeping, dying church, as "a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind." This stood forth in the Wesleyan revival of nearly the same period, more prominently by far than even its truly remarkable agents and organizations, because the vital spring of both. It has been more recently illustrated in the work of grace in this country during 1858-59, and later, in Ireland, England, and Wales. All these had their distinguishing incidental marks, and all, but for the Holy Spirit's special presence, would have been forgotten as the tale of an hour. As it was, they mark the victories of the church in its march to certain and final triumph.

If, then, the presence of the Holy Ghost, and that only, is *essential* to a revival, the fact is fruitful of important suggestions.

1. The church should guard against laying much stress upon outward circumstances as reasons why they should or should not have a revival. The presence of a great revivalist may be of God, but it must not be regarded as an essential cause. The absence of such revivalist, or of ministers of note, is no cause of discouragement. The season of the year may be unpropitious, the church edifice need repairing, men

of wealth and social position may never have smiled upon the society, and, finally, the true disciples be few and despised. Yet the descent of the Holy Ghost must be waited for, — waited for in faith, and in frequent assemblings with one accord in one place. When he comes, unfavorable circumstances will only be an occasion to show that "the excellency of the power is of God, and not of man."

2. The Spirit's influence in the church should be sought. It should be cherished when received. Instead of this, how careless are churches and individuals in their treatment of him. They grieve him in various ways, — by indolence, worldliness, by introducing worldly amusements into their societies, and by turning away from the places and ordinances through which he delights to reveal himself. As wisely might the farmer plow, and sow, and hope for a harvest, though between the planting and expected reaping he had adopted means to shut out from his soil every ray of the sun.

The way in which the Spirit is to be sought, and the incentives for this seeking, are topics of fruitful study, but they open readily to the heart and mind groaning after the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Oh for a *faith* in the church which rests only on the promise of the gift of the Holy Spirit to those who ask! The *motive power* having then been attained, the hosts of the Lord would move forward, conquering and to conquer.

SCRIPTURE CABINET.

PURSE AND SCRIP.

"And he said unto them, When I sent you without purse, and scrip, and shoes, lacked ye any thing? And they said, Nothing."—*Luke xxii. 35.*

PROF. HACKETT says, "As I was one day examining the tombs on the western side of the Mount of Olives, a peasant offered his services as a guide, whose costume arrested my attention. He wore a girdle around his waist which had an opening at one end, fitting it to hold money and other valuables, and at the same time carried a pouch or bag in which he could store away provisions and other things needed on a journey. Here, beyond a doubt, I saw the articles to which the Saviour refers, where he speaks of the 'purse and scrip' which wayfarers were accustomed to take with them as a part of their traveling equipment."

The simplicity of this outfit grew out of the habits of the people of the eastern countries. Custom entitled the traveler to support upon his journey. Our Lord enjoined *upon* the pioneer missionaries whom he sent forth, to make not even this preparation; not only because of the hospitality to which they were entitled, even from foreigners, but because they were not sent to Gentile strangers, but to Jewish brethren. There was, however, no doubt, in this order an

intimation of a great principle to be observed by all missionaries and all his disciples in general, through every age of his church. They were to entangle themselves as little as possible with worldly matters, and to trust cheerfully and fully God's providence. He who travels for God will have him for his provider. When such are interrogated at the end of their journey, as were the apostles, with the question, "Lacked ye any thing?" the answer will be, "Nothing."

THE PERPETUAL ADAPTATION AND FRESHNESS OF GOD'S WORD.

Among the strong internal evidences of the divine authority of the Holy Scriptures are their perpetual freshness and adaptation to those who read them aright. Like the ever-varying beauties of the kaleidoscope, its truths assume new attractiveness from every change in the position of the beholder. Though eternally the same themselves, yet from their exhaustless source of excellence, they have some new adaptation to man's changing necessities. Is he poor, — it becomes his true and satisfactory riches. Is he rich, — it teaches him how to become poor in spirit that he may inherit not corruptible things only, but "the kingdom of heaven." It teaches the exalted how to abase themselves, and the lowly how to be exalted. It teaches rulers how to rule, and subjects how to obey. There is no lawful relation of man to man for which it does not provide in form or in spirit.

But there is a more wonderful feature than this even. Though man is called to walk in one line of duty from youth to age, or to submit to continued suffering, made painful by its monotony as well as its continuance, and though he go for alleviation to the Bible every moment of a long life, yet will he not partake of its spiritual bread to satiety. On the contrary, partaking begets relish, and relish urges the soul to a greater eagerness and frequency of reception. Nature has not provided for the ear so great a variety of sound, nor so great a pleasure in its modulations, as the Bible has variety of *expression*, and pleasure therein, for the ear of the sanctified soul. Nature has a thousand gratifications for the eye, of form and color. The Bible has for the eye which is "single," pictures which may be studied perpetually without weariness.

CONVERSE WITH CHRIST BY THE WAY.

"And they said one to another, Did not our heart burn within us while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures." — *Luke xxiv. 32.*

These disciples enjoyed, to some extent, a special privilege in the personal presence of Christ. Their eyes saw him and they heard his voice, while they walked by the way. But since through unbelief, "their eyes were holden that

they should not know him," they mainly lost the benefit of this privilege. Their hearts burned within them because of the spiritual power of the words which dropped from his gracious lips. It was *the written word*, recorded by the prophets and applied by the Holy Ghost, which produced this effect. The narrative does not say, but we may fairly infer that this effect was deepened in the breaking of bread, for it was just then that they "knew him." Social religious fellowship, such as is indicated by eating together, and conversation concerning the teachings of the Bible, especially those which relate to Christ, are important means of removing hardness from our heart and making it burn within, and of opening our eyes that we may know the Lord.

It will be noticed that these two disciples were conversing about Christ — his death and reported resurrection — when he became their companion in the way (verse 17-24). Those who love Christ aright, speak of him often one to another, and it is at such times that their heart burns with his presence. They honor him by their remembrance and words, and he honors them by communicating with them. If religious conversation among Christians, as they casually meet, were more frequent, a heart burning within them with love towards him would be more common.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

ECONOMY — WHERE SHALL IT BEGIN?

"We must economize, these times," says a correspondent, and the declaration is but the echo of a thousand similar exclamations. And surely this statement will not be denied. But where shall we begin? Let the economizers look at *that* question seriously, fairly. We tender gratuitously the use of our pen to help them to do so. We advise that they *do not begin at the altar of God*. His ancient people did so, and he complained of it by his prophets. "Ye have robbed me," was the startling accusation from God. There is guilt enough resting somewhere for the present war, but it can not be charged to *religion*, and its expenses should not be taken from God's treasury. The missionary contributions should not abate a penny. The necessities of the maintenance of the gospel at home should be fully met. And we will add, at the risk of being thought an interested adviser, that religious publications which experience has shown help the soul in the divine life, should not be discontinued. Begin, not with the soul's food, but the body's indulgences; — make no provisions for the flesh to fulfill its unsanctified desire, and there will be money enough for every needed use. Put your table, apparel, and amusements under a severe inspection, and watch the result.

THE CAMP-MEETING SEASON.

This number will reach our subscribers at the commencement of the camp-meeting season. They will indulge us in a word or two concerning the improvement of these extraordinary means of grace. The fact that they excite less opposition, and are more generally attended by all classes of people than formerly, are occasions of special responsibility to the earnest Christian. They afford wide fields of usefulness. Thousands will be present who seldom hear an evangelical sermon. Such will be under the influence of you, Christian brethren and sisters of the private membership, and "if you will, you may do them good." They expect some solicitude shown for their souls on such occasions. The place and the surrounding influences are favorable for personal effort; it has been greatly blessed in years past, and God's arm is not now shortened. But perhaps you feel the importance of first seeking a more entire personal consecration. This you may do in connection with your labors for others. Work by us for God, and work in us by his grace, go forward advantageously together. Expect great things, and according to your faith it shall be done unto you.

If you desire to spread the work of entire holiness, and you have found the Guide a blessing to your own soul, will not efforts by you for its circulation be a God-approved labor. The embarrassment occasioned by the war makes this necessary for us, and the evil influences to which war times are liable, render it of special value to the church. Let our friends then circulate the Guide on the camp-grounds. *God has ever been and will be with it*, while we seek to promote holiness unto his name.

REVIVAL IN THE ARMY.

We learn from a private letter from a soldier of the First Massachusetts Regiment, encamped, at the time we write, near Washington, that there is great attention to the subject of religion both by officers and privates. Prayer meetings, which were at first attended by a few persons only, are now attended by nearly the whole regiment. A Sunday-school established among them excites general attention. Our informant speaks of one young man, in particular, whose habits of inebriation had been of years' standing, who had become a sober, praying man.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

NAPET IN THE BURNING HUT.

LITTLE Napet, an African boy, heard of Jesus and loved him. One day, in early spring, he was sent to drive the pigeons from a corn-field. There was a little straw hut in the corner of the field, and there Napet sat down to watch for the coming of the birds. Feeling a little cold, he kindled

a fire just inside the hut. A spark set the hut in a blaze. The fire spread so quickly that Napet was surrounded by fire in a moment.

Some women in the next field, seeing the fire, ran to his help. They could not see him, only from the burning hut his voice was heard saying—

"O my Saviour, I must die! I pray thee let my body alone be burned, and save my soul from everlasting fire. Take me to thy heaven, for thy great mercies' sake."

Napet's voice was heard no longer. The fire burned on. The women stood trembling at the fate of the burning child. Very soon, however, the hut was burned to ashes. They were about searching for the boy's bones, when, to their surprise, Napet rose up and rushed into their midst unhurt.

"What saved you?" cried the astonished women.

"After my prayer," said Napet, "God put it into my mind to lie upon the ground and cover myself with the ox-hide which was in the hut. I did so. The fire was not hot enough to burn through the hide, and so I was saved."

"Had you any hope then of escaping death, Napet?" asked the missionary, a day or two afterward, when hearing his story.

"No; I believed that I must die!" said the boy.

"Did you hope then that your soul would go to heaven?"

Napet's face grew bright with joy as he replied, "Yes! I was sure our Saviour heard my prayer, and would take me to heaven, because he died for me."

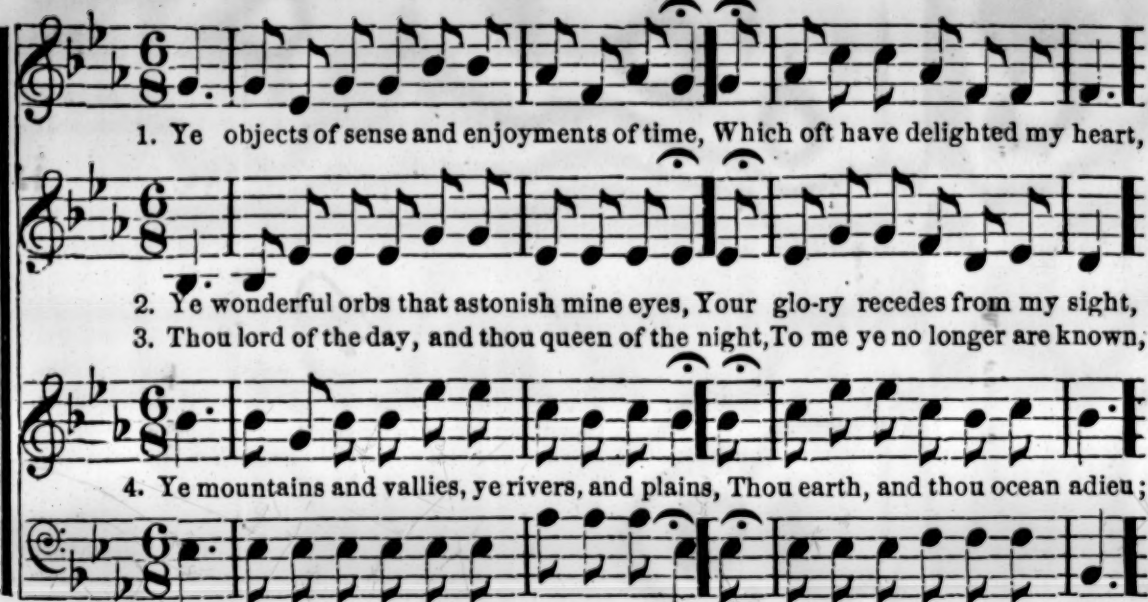
Happy Napet! He was happy even in the midst of the fire! I wonder if all my Advocate family would be as happy in a burning hut as Napet was. And look here, children,—if any body ever asks you what good missionaries do, tell them the story of Napet in the burning hut.
— *Mission Advocate*.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM.

I a little pilgrim stand
Knocking at my Father's gate,
Trembling, waiting for his hand
To remove the heavy weight
Of my sins, that press me down
To the earth, and keep me there;
What I want is not a crown,
But to be made pure and fair.

Whilst I knock, wilt thou not hear?
Oh, my Father, hear me cry;
Open wide the gate most dear,—
Gate of mercy,—or I die.
Help a helpless child to find
The right path, the narrow way,
All with little pilgrims lined,
Walking homeward every day.

THE SAINT'S ADIEU TO EARTH.



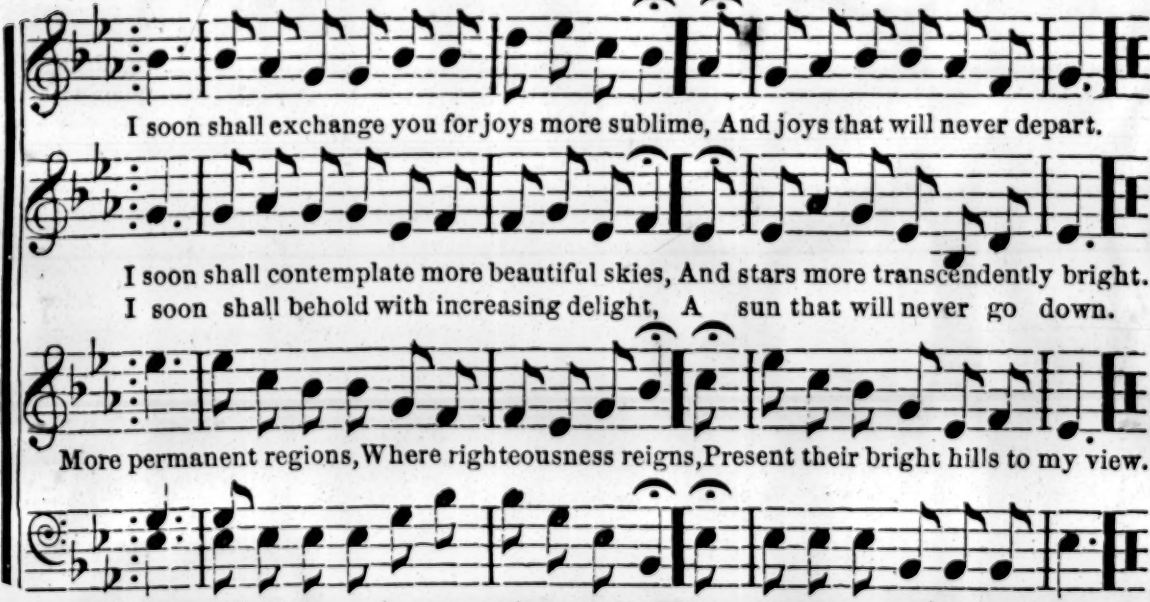
1. Ye objects of sense and enjoyments of time, Which oft have delighted my heart,

2. Ye wonderful orbs that astonish mine eyes, Your glo-ry recedes from my sight,

3. Thou lord of the day, and thou queen of the night, To me ye no longer are known,

4. Ye mountains and vallies, ye rivers, and plains, Thou earth, and thou ocean adieu ;

5. My weeping relations, my brethren and friends, Whose souls are entwined with my own,



I soon shall exchange you for joys more sublime, And joys that will never depart.

I soon shall contemplate more beautiful skies, And stars more transcendently bright.
I soon shall behold with increasing delight, A sun that will never go down.

More permanent regions, Where righteousness reigns, Present their bright hills to my view.

Adieu for the present, my spirit ascends Where friendship immortal is known.

- 6 The sight of transgression shall grieve me no more,
'Mid foes I no longer reside,
My conflicts with sin and with sinners are o'er,
With saints I shall ever abide.
- 7 Ye Sabbaths below, which have been my delight,
And thou blessed volume divine,
Ye've guided my footsteps, like stars during night ;
Adieu, my conductors benign.
- 8 Thou tottering seat of disease, and of pain
Adieu, my dissolving abode ;
I soon shall behold and possess thee again—
A beautiful building of God.
- 9 Come, come, my dear Jesus ! come quickly ! release
The soul thou hast bought with thy blood,
And bid me ascend the bright regions of peace
To feast on the smiles of my God.

ON THE CULTIVATION OF THE CHURCH IN HOLINESS.

A SERMON BY THE JUNIOR EDITOR.

"Christ in you, the hope of glory: whom we preach, warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom; that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus; whereunto I also labor, striving according to his working, which worketh in me mightily." — Col. i. 27, 28, 29.

THIS language may be very properly taken as a statement incidentally dropped of the policy of Paul's labors in the edification of the church and the promotion of the gospel in the earth. His avowed object in warning every man, and teaching every man, was that he might present to Christ, the Lord of all, at the last day, every man *perfect* in Christ Jesus: whereunto, says he, that is, to the end of presenting every man perfect, I labor, striving according to his working, *which worketh in me mightily*,—as much as to say, God himself exerts his omnipotence to help me in this work of perfecting believers. With this view agrees whatever Paul has elsewhere said of his own spirit, and of the particular design of his labors. A few characteristic passages may be quoted from his writings.

Hear him pray for the church at Ephesus: "That he would grant you according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fullness of God." Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory in the church, by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages, world without end, Amen." How full of vehement desire is this prayer for the progress of the Ephe-

sian believers in holiness, and their complete endowment with grace and power from on high.

To another church he said, "this is the will of God, even your sanctification," and to another still, "having, therefore, these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God." To the Hebrews he said: "Therefore, leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection." These are specimens of the drift and design of Paul's labors for the churches, and they indicate, what a careful consideration of all his writings will abundantly prove, that the great labor of his life was to build up the church in holiness.

As the propriety of this policy of cultivating the church has come to be questioned, I have thought it might be well to present to you at this time some considerations in its defense; and I would say that the policy of laboring earnestly and diligently for the promotion of the highest attainments of grace in the hearts of believers is to be defended.

I. ON THE GROUND OF EXPEDIENCY.

1. Every high-wrought character produced by the Christian church is an available and unequivocal indorsement of the power of the gospel, and constitutes in itself a standing and unanswerable fact in opposition to the cavils of infidelity.—Those who oppose religion do it mainly on the ground that Christians are not better than other men. True, the assumption is not just, nor is the argument built upon it at all legitimate, for there is really a great difference between the moral life of persons in the church and out of it; and then, too, the high standard of morals in the community is all due to the gospel. Non-professors owe whatever excellences of character they may possess to the gospel influences in which they have always lived. Still it will avail more, in reply to such cavils, to put forth the name of a

single faultless character, whose daily life declares that the grace of God has wrought the extinction of selfishness, and petulance, and pride, than to name a hundred equivocal Christians. A pastor who succeeds in bringing up to a high tone of spiritual life and power a considerable number of his flock, has a vantage-ground in that fact for proclaiming the gospel as the power of God unto salvation, which nothing besides can give him. The opinions of men touching the claims of Christianity, will generally be found to quadrate with wonderful accuracy with the tone of piety current in the church where they have lived. Nothing, therefore, upon the simple ground of expediency, can be more short-sighted and impolitic than to neglect to cultivate a deep and rich experience in the members of the church through a desire to see sinners converted.

2. But let us look at this question of expediency in another light. We who have been pastors for many years know—every one of us sadly knows—how few are the persons out of a church of several hundreds of members who have either spiritual light or power enough to labor with any considerable efficiency in bringing souls to Christ during seasons of revival. The burden of the work often falls with almost crushing weight on the pastor himself, and many a pastor has gone to a premature grave as the result of labors rendered unendurable by the want of an effective corps of laborers to divide the burden with him. It ought not so to be, but it will be so wherever a high standard of gospel attainment is not continually set before the people; wherever they are not habitually pressed to go on unto perfection.

3. But suppose a revival to have occurred, and a goodly number of persons to have been brought into the church; where are they to find the needful warmth, and protection, and food? Alas! they will not find it at all, unless at least a por-

tion of the church members have gone on beyond the alphabet of salvation. The result will likely be similar to the facts noted by a minister, now living, as having occurred under his own labors. He says: 'Let me here record that while hundreds of sinners were converted to God in connection with my ministry, I do not recollect a single case of a believer being entirely sanctified under my labors during my first nine years, up to Sept. 7, 1858. Let me further add, during this time I was grieved from year to year by seeing what might astonish hell, and fill heaven with lamentations,—company after company of young converts walking into backslidden, unsanctified churches, first to wonder, then for a while to be grieved, but finally to add another layer to the backslidden stratification.'

4. Again: To preach the deeper experiences, to feed the church with strong meat, and to keep her attention directed onward, is doubtless the best expedient for keeping even the older members alive in spirit. Men will drink a little oftener when the cup of cold water is frequently passed round; and the table often spread in the sight of the church with divine dainties, will provoke the most reluctant appetite enough to postpone starvation from one revival to another.

5. Once more, on this point of expediency. There are persons in the church who, with help or without it, with much or little food or none at all, so far as the pulpit and the church are concerned, have counted the cost and are determined to prove for themselves the power of the gospel to save, and cleanse, and fill the soul. *They need and deserve help.* Much more, they need direction and advice from those more enlightened in Bible teaching, and more deeply experienced in divine things than themselves. For want of these kindly helps and guidings they will be very liable to fall into some snare of the devil, who is ever ready to push people into some hurtful extrava-

gance, if he can not hold them back from doing their utmost duty. Nothing but an earnest paternal supervision, exercised by some one *really desirous of helping them forward* in the right path, can possibly keep some of these earnest souls from running on the rocks of presumption, or sinking in the quicksands of despair, or plunging into the whirlpool of fanaticism. Oh, my brother minister, let us take heed unto ourselves, and to all the flock over the which the Holy Ghost hath made us overseers, to feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood.

This policy is to be defended —

II. ON THE GROUND THAT IT ACCORDS WITH THE UNIVERSAL INSTINCT TO PROVE THE UTMOST POWER OF A GIVEN TRUTH.

Mark how the world is agitated by the discovery of a new truth, or rather by the new discovery of an *old* truth, for all truth is old.

1. How the discovery of the art of printing shook the world, and how men hastened to see what could be made of it! They did see, and what is the result? Why, the little truth that the blackened surface of a block of wood left its image on the paper where it had been pressed has been studied and used till the literary and scientific operations of the world have been completely revolutionized by it.

2. How the discovery of this western continent shook the old world! What a rush there was from all Western Europe for the land of gold! How the people sprang up from the hovels of poverty, and the seats of luxury, to pioneer the settlements of the new-found land of the setting sun; and how, as the result of all this, has there sprung up like magic in this land, a nation the most wonderful, and, for its years, the greatest the world has seen! A nation shaking a little, 'tis true, just now, with something like St. Vitus' dance, as children of too rapid growth are apt to do, but soon, I trust, by

the blessing of God, to rally and return to a calmer, purer, and more vigorous life.

3. It was certainly an unpretending fact that the lid danced when the water in the tea-kettle boiled, yet it *was* a fact, and men saw a truth in it that they thought might be turned to good account. Presently the world was all astir on the subject, nor did men rest till a revolution, the completest and the mightiest the world has ever witnessed, was wrought in locomotion and handicraft.

4. By this spirit in man the very lightnings of heaven have been domesticated and taught to do his errands, and conduct his correspondence so that man talks, as if face to face, with his neighbor across the continent. So eager is man to make the most of truth. So much does he prove that he *can* make of a truth which he discovers, or on which he stumbles.

5. But here is a gospel truth; not truth discovered, but truth revealed. Not a single truth, but a body, a constellation of truths, — truths, for the want of which the world was perishing, — truths sent down by a special messenger from God out of heaven to man, — truths baptized in blood, — a system of truth ordained of God as the channel through which omnipotent grace exerts itself on many for his salvation, and elevation, and glorification. God, its author, designates it "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Now what shall we do with this truth? Shall we see how much can be made of it? Shall we hasten to prove by prayer, and fasting, and faith, and instant, earnest obedience to Christ, what is its utmost power to save; or is the church doomed to see the men of the altar shaking their index fingers in the face of the earnest, pleading, tearful ones, who cry for purity, and wrestle for deeper baptisms, with the caution not to expect too much of the system? Oh, that the children of light, in this day, were equal in wisdom to the children of this world.

6. But we ought to take still another view of this matter. The Saviour said, "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me; and to finish his work." We know that nearly every labor in which men engage remains almost, if not entirely, valueless if arrested before completion, and forbidden to be completed. The proverb is, "Nothing is done till all is done." The field, partially inclosed, is not inclosed at all. The voyage, completed all but the last mile, is not completed at all. The railroad, done all but the bridges, is not done at all. The arch has no strength till the keystone is in.—The deed of warranty is no conveyance at all till the signature and seal are affixed. Let not men attempt to deceive themselves herein, and especially let them not attempt to deceive others. There is a consciousness with every man so long as he feels the stirrings of depraved affection within, that he is not ready to die. Away with all metaphysical hair splittings, and let the burning conviction lie naked on the quivering soul till it shall cry out with horror, "Who shall deliver me?" and send up to God the prevailing prayer, "Create in me a clean heart."

7. Every process becomes precious as it approaches maturity and perfection. In the mountain yonder delves the miner in darkness and in dirt. He brings forth the crude ore, which the teamster takes, in car or cart, away to the smelters. These latter transmute it into solid bars. Thence the puddlers take it, and by a process of art change it into wrought iron. The roll-men take it next, and pass it, while it is almost at a white heat, again and again between great rollers, which squeeze and press it on every side, throwing out the dross and solidifying and compacting the grain of the iron marvelously, till the comparatively worthless ore is converted into long, straight, bright, beautiful bars. But the metal is susceptible of still further processes of refining. So the bars are cut into sections of convenient length,

packed and bound together, and placed again in the heating ovens, and then rolled as before, acquiring with each successive process a new measure of refinement, and solidity, and strength, as they are again and again heated and rolled.

But now a chemical change is to be wrought, and the iron is to be so united with carbon as to become steel. In that state it is again and again wrought out in the use of fire and powerful machinery, till, as the result of the whole, the almost worthless ore, scarcely distinguishable by the unpracticed eye from common stone or common dirt, has been wrought into hair springs, each several times more valuable than its weight in gold.

Now, could the men who perform, conduct, and supervise these processes be ranged in a line at their work under your eye, how their different appearances of person, attire, intelligence, skill, and manner would strike you; and could you watch the material as it passes along from the ore to the watch-springs, how would you wonder at the power which God has given to man to refine, and exalt, and render precious the crudest substances. Especially you would be struck with this truth, that every process becomes precious as it approaches maturity and perfection.

See that trunk of a fallen tree before you, a mere log: yet the hand of industry and skill shall change it in a little time, till it shall stand before you a piece of cabinet furniture, useful and beautiful, and of great value. Note, too, how the men who have wrought upon it in the successive stages of its progress rise above each other in the dignity of their calling, from the woodman to the carver and gilder.

Mark that beautiful statue yonder. It was a part of the solid marble in yonder mountain. It is a thing of grace and beauty now. Perhaps you saw the process as it went on. Strong men drilled and wedged the rock till the great square

block was broken from its place. You saw it next in the studio of the artist, but not in the hands of the artist. Young hands wrought first, and, little by little, by chipping, and drilling, and chiseling, the square block began to exhibit the indistinct approaches to the present lines. Older students wrought next, and brought the work on toward its present idea; then came the master, with his assistant, and chiseled, and pared, and trimmed, for many days. At length it was removed into the inner sanctum, where, alone with his idea and his statue, the great master wrought slowly out the lines of beauty and perfection as you see them now. You were doubtless impressed, as the work went on, that the block of marble was becoming more and more precious, and that the labor bestowed on it was more and more a work of taste and skill.

Just so it is with Christian character. Whatever we do to develop the church, to lead men on in holiness, to bring them up to maturity and strength of Christian character, is so much done to enrich the church, to adorn and beautify the meek with salvation.

To mine the ore, to fell the tree, and to break the block from its marble bed, require little more than mere physical strength, so it is found that even new converts can lead souls to Christ. But as the processes by which crude and unshaped material is wrought into purity and beauty require the hand of skill, so he that would successfully labor for the cultivation of the higher life in the Christian church, must study to show himself approved unto God; a workman that needeth not to be ashamed. He needs to be a physician acquainted with the laws of the spiritual life, and familiar with the symptoms of disease and health. The church is suffering to-day through all the land for lack of teachers and leaders who are both ready and willing to lead her members on to the richer experiences. As a result, the great body of believers know but little

about the real power of the gospel to save. The light which the church sheds upon the world is dubious and flickering, and in the time of revival, when the real tug of war comes, she commonly finds herself not equal to the contest. Of the persons brought into the church in the time of revival, a number painfully large, commonly relapse soon into comparative indifference, if they do not go back into the world. There are churches where revivals are reported almost annually, and yet they exhibit no material increase of strength in a decade of years. The explanation, doubtless, is in most cases entirely obvious. The converts do not remain. There is a lack of vitality in the church to keep them alive, and they soon faint under their crosses, and walk the ways of God no more. The whole country is fast filling up with backsliders and apostates, and the Christian church stands degraded and disgraced in the eyes of the world as the result.

It ought not so to be, but it will be so till we who are appointed to feed the flock shall come to pursue a wiser policy than we have been wont to pursue, even the policy of Paul, who, in conformity with Christ's words, "Feed my sheep," directs the elders to "feed the flock of God," and who himself warned every man, and taught every man, in all wisdom, that is, as I suppose, in all the science of salvation, in its length and breadth, that he might present every man perfect in Christ Jesus.

Let us, my brethren, henceforth labor quite as hard for the building up of men in holiness as we did to bring them into the church, and let the members of the church receive kindly the most searching truth addressed to them by way of urging them forward in the religious life. We must, every one of us, get nearer to the Saviour, if we would see the work of God go on in power. Oh, when shall the mighty tide of salvation sweep over these lands? The Lord hasten the day.

[Original.]

PREACHING ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION — OUGHT IT TO BE DONE BY PREACHERS NOT PROFESSING ITS ATTAINMENT?

BY REV. CHARLES BLAKESLEE.

THE preaching of gospel ministers, as to subject matter, ought to be various, comprehensive, and exhaustive. Among the rich variety of topics given, entire sanctification should have a commanding place in every preacher's ministrations.

In support of this, we adduce the following considerations.

The minister should not make his experience the standard of his preaching. He is divinely commanded to "preach the word." If he may omit preaching entire sanctification, because he has not experienced it, for the same reason he may omit other important parts of the gospel. Then, if his experience be imperfect, he may intentionally preach the gospel in a garbled and imperfect form. Shall this specious reasoning and this systematic cutting down of the gospel of the omnipotent Son of God, obtain amongst us?

Entire sanctification is an important part of the word of God. It is therein taught; it is provided, commanded, promised, and prayed for; hence it is obvious that it is the duty of every preacher who believes that it is so taught to preach it. He must do it in order to "declare the whole counsel of God."

Such preaching is needed. All kinds of sinners need the burning power of a holy gospel. Ministers need its fervid inspirations, and many of our best members are groaning after it, and looking to the ministry for help. It must be their duty, as heralds of the cross, to point these precious souls to the all-cleansing blood of Jesus Christ, and to urge them

to wash and be clean. It should be more than their meat and drink to do this blessed work.

It is sanctioned by the teachings and practice of the fathers of Methodism. Mr. Wesley, by a standing rule of the Minutes, required all the preachers to "preach entire sanctification, and earnestly and perseveringly press it upon the people." Mr. Fletcher, Mr. Benson, Dr. A. Clarke, and their compeers, in this, agreed with Mr. Wesley. We would not attach undue importance to their example and belief. The Bible is the only authoritative rule of faith and practice. But as they were men of great minds, were profound scholars, and had a deep experimental knowledge of the things of God; and as the Lord made them the leaders in the revival of evangelical Christianity called Methodism, their established opinions and practices, as to spiritual religion, and the best manner of laboring to save souls, should have great weight with us. We may know more about some branches of art, science, and human learning, than they knew; but do we know more about God and salvation than those divinely called and anointed men did? They preached a free and a full salvation, attainable now by faith in Christ. Can we do better?

In our book of discipline, we, as Methodists, subscribe to Mr. Wesley's belief as to entire sanctification, and aver that "we believe God's design in raising up the preachers called Methodists, in America, was to reform the continent, and spread Scripture holiness over these lands." Dis. of 1860, pp. 3, 4. And when the preacher is received into the travelling connection, he is asked, — "Have you faith in Christ? Are you going on to perfection? Do you expect to be made perfect in love in this life? Are you groaning after it?" Dis. p. 80. And the preacher is instructed not only to "bring as many sinners as he can to

repentance," but also, "with all his power, to build them up in that holiness without which they can not see the Lord." Dis. p. 61. And, in the section on the matter and manner of preaching, every preacher is required to "preach Christ in all his offices; to declare his law as well as his gospel both to believers and unbelievers; and then it is emphatically added: "Let us strongly and closely insist upon inward and outward holiness, in all its branches." Dis. p. 70. Does not all this bind every preacher to preach entire sanctification?

Preaching entire sanctification does good; it leads the preacher to a more prayerful and devout study of the character, government, and gospel, of the holy God; it humbles him in the dust; it stimulates him to cry unto God for a "clean heart," and a "holy anointing," and inspires him with new zeal and strength for his great work. It also gives the minister the lead of the people in this important matter; but if the ministry neglect it, the laity may be constrained to take the lead in it. Will it be well for the ministry to give this part of their work to them? Can a minister, justly or safely, give up any part of his work to others? Would not this open a wide door for the introduction of many and great evils among us? Let the minister bear his own burden. Let him be the angel of the church in leading her in the king's highway of holiness, and it will mightily subserve the purity, peace, and prosperity of the church. The great want of the church is more experimental and practical religion. We have numbers, wealth, talent, learning, and influence. Hence the tide, in some degree, naturally sets towards us, and we are now exposed to the insidious attacks of worldliness, pride, self-gratulation, and a barren formality. There is more and more danger that our spirituality and working purpose and power will wane; and that an empty,

dignified, genteel formalism, will steal in, and write "*Ichabod*" upon our pulpits and altars. There is great danger that self-denial and real godly living will lose caste in our Zion, and that true religious zeal, and earnest and persevering personal efforts to save souls, will be deemed unnecessary or fanatical. There is great danger that being moral and respectable, going to church and paying the preacher, will more and more be substituted for that holy, working evangelism, which was the strength and glory of our fathers and mothers; and which is absolutely essential to a living, spiritual, soul-saving church of God. Every one conversant with the proclivities of human nature, and with the rise, moral culmination, and spiritual decadence of the church, at different times, in past ages, will perceive that we are now in great and imminent danger of such spiritual deterioration. The church of God successfully contends with poverty, contempt, opposition, and persecution, but worldly prosperity and honor have not unfrequently blinded her eyes, weakened her spiritual forces, and sunk her into an unholy and ruinous Laodicean ease. Prosperity, with all its peculiar perils, is now ours! What will save us? Will any thing but more religion save us? And to have more religion will it not be necessary for the preachers to set up the true Bible standard of Christian experience and practice, and then, with all their power, labor to build up believers in that "holiness without which they can not see the Lord?" Let the preachers, in addition to all their other labors, "preach Christ in all his offices," and "strongly and closely insist upon inward and outward holiness in all its branches." Let them labor with all their power to persuade every one of our people to cease from every unholy disposition, temper, word, and way; to do every known duty, to strive to be useful, to walk with God, and live for eternity.

This is according to the order of the gospel. This saved the M. E. Church, and gave her overcoming power in the heroic days of the fathers; this has thus far always saved us, and it will save us, as a church, for ever. But it will be asked, "How can one who has not received this great grace truly and profitably preach it?"

Answer: If a preacher be in a self-seeking or unbelieving state of mind, probably it will then be nearly useless, if not quite improper, for him to preach on this high and holy subject; but then he ought to immediately and deeply repent of such a state of mind. Indeed, he is not fit to preach at all until he is imbued with a solemn and hallowed spirit. But if he really enjoys religion, and has the true spirit of his awful calling, and believes it is the duty of the Christian to "love God with all the heart," then he can preach it so as to do good. Doctrinally and practically, and as a duty and a privilege, he can press it upon his hearers with solemnity and power. Most certainly it should not be preached in an austere, fault-finding manner; but as near as may be in the words of the holy Bible, and in a sweet, drawing spirit of faith and humble love. Then it will profit the preacher and the people. Says Dr. A. Clarke, "Preach a free and a full salvation, and God will bless your labors wherever you go." Amen!

Dearville, N. Y., June 17, 1861.

[Original.]

GOD'S FAITHFULNESS—TESTIMONY.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

GOD is unchangeable; he does not desert his work in your heart; all the departure is on your side; he knows what he has commenced in you, and guards and protects it while you remain in a

state of obedience. You retain the remembrance of that joyous season of your full espousals of the Lord, in an everlasting consecration to his rule and service. You have had fruit which has often satisfied your soul in adoring gratitude for the grace bestowed. But, when about to speak of this state of liberty and peace, you feel lean and barren, and have no direct witness within, yet not conscious of guilt, the enemy tells you that you have lost the blessing, and how can you speak of it? The only way of escape is for you to claim your right, in the face of Satan, to witness to this grace, at the very moment, inwardly saying, "Lord, I believe the blood of Jesus cleanses me now,—*I am now wholly thine,*"—then act upon this present faith, and acknowledge what Jesus does for you. A few opportunities of this perseverance in maintaining the testimony, will give you a clean deliverance from this temptation. That is, if you readily embrace them; but if you put them off from time to time, and at length speak in a low, indefinite tone, as if you are ashamed of Jesus, both in word and act, you will not gain much. Your manner must be in holy confidence, as well as your words decided and clear in their meaning, and God will bless you in the deed.

Said one, "Oh, how often I have sat down and felt in my heart that I was acknowledged on high; I rose timidly, but knew my spiritual life depended upon faithfulness." When God sees you are diligent in the exercise of the grace he has already bestowed, he will impart more abundantly, and increase your evidences. Many lose much by not appreciating that which Christ *has already* wrought in them, because they do not have other people's joys and fruits. Abide in Christ for yourself, and not another, and you shall reap the blessed fruit in the sweetness of your own experience.

BAPTISM OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

A. R. H.

WHAT are some of its consequences? When the heavens are bowed, and God comes down to earth; when the divine Spirit enters the human heart, and there sets up his throne, and there holds the most free, tender, endearing intercourse, it can surely be no just cause for surprise if large, unwonted, overwhelming communications of love, and manifestations of God in the glory of his holiness, are enjoyed by the highly-favored subjects of his grace. It would be exceedingly strange if it were not so. If the believer is made to possess a joy to which he was before almost a stranger,—a joy to which he can find no parallel in his own previous experience,—it is by no means marvellous that to others not thus favored his “words should seem as idle tales.” First, then, Christians may expect large measures of love and joy. “He that believeth on me,” saith the Saviour, “out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water.” But this he spake of the Spirit which they that believe on him should receive. Is this the privilege of every believer? May every believer’s soul become a fountain of joy, sending forth its rivers of living water? What, then, may he not expect who has sought and obtained an extraordinary baptism of the Holy Spirit? and to be filled with all the fullness of God? The very name by which the Redeemer introduces this divine guest is indicative of his work. “I will not leave you comfortless; I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter.” And not only so, but so much greater blessings were to be communicated to the disciples through this new and abiding companion, that the Redeemer regarded this fact alone as sufficient to warrant his own departure. “It is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I

will send him.” And more than this, inasmuch as they had not yet asked for this Comforter, he tells them, “Hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name; ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.” And they found it so when having sought and waited “for the promise of the Father,” they could say, “The Comforter is come.” What a joy then filled their hearts!—a “joy unspeakable and full of glory.” In the midst of enemies thirsting for their blood, their peace was like a river,—“the peace of God, which passeth all understanding.”

And in this manner many can testify now in regard to the “riches of full assurance”—this baptism of the Holy Ghost. Indeed, many have never lost the savor of the visit. And what is there in this that is unreasonable? what is it but that of which Paul spoke when he said, “But we all, with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed unto the same image from glory to glory, even as by the spirit of the Lord.” This is indeed “a well of water springing up to everlasting life,” and sending forth “rivers of living water.” May God give such a baptism to every reader of these pages! Who, in view of this, does not exclaim—

“Our longing souls aloud would sing,
Spring up, celestial fountains, spring,”

when this blessing descends upon a community of Christians? It may also be expected that hypocrites will be exposed. When the graces of a church are at a low ebb, when the world has greatly intruded upon the Lord, when the wall of separation is very much broken down, it is a comparatively easy thing for a hypocrite to maintain a reputable standing in the house of God. Like the magicians of Egypt, who found no difficulty with a few of the first miracles of Moses and Aaron, Satan can succeed very well in the attempt to counterfeit common gifts and graces. But when it comes to the baptism of the Holy Spirit,

he is constrained to say, "This is the finger of God." In many churches there are, it is to be feared, professors who, if they hold on their way, will most certainly arrive at the gates of hell. No sinners are more inaccessible. Speak to the unconverted, and these, of course, are happy in thinking that they are not of the number. Let the church be re-proved for its formality and coldness, and these will often join with you in the rebuke; for none have so good an opinion of themselves as they.

Now, when the church has been baptized from above, and thus fellow-professors are making rapid progress in the way to heaven, hypocrites soon faint and grow weary. And now they find fault with others for running too fast, for laboring too hard, for praying so much, for over urgency in the effort to bring sinners to God. The fire will scorch and burn as well as melt. The same fire that melts the soul of the Christian, until he overflows with love, will scorch and wither the hypocrite. And he will writhe under the beams of truth. Thus it was with the Pharisees in the time of the apostles.

Oh for such a baptism on all the churches, that it may soon be said, "The sinners in Zion are afraid; fearfulness hath surprised the hypocrites!" Such a baptism that every hypocrite shall be constrained to say, "Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?" May God save us from such a fearful doom!—*Pittsburgh Ch. Ad.*

INTERPRETATION. — "Holy Scripture is not a science of the intellect, but of the heart. It is intelligible only to those who have a right heart. The veil which is upon the Scriptures for the Jews, is there also for Christians. Charity is not only the object of Holy Scripture, but it is also the door to it." — *Pascal.*

HOLY ASPIRATIONS.

BY MADAM GUYON.

My Spouse! in whose presence I live,
Sole object of all my desires,
Who know'st what a flame I conceive,
And canst easily double its fires;
How pleasant is all that I meet!
From fear of adversity free;
I find even sorrow made sweet,
Because 'tis assigned me by thee.

Transported I see thee display
Thy riches and glory divine;
I have only my life to repay,
Take what I would gladly resign.
Thy will is the treasure I seek,
For thou art as faithful as strong;
There let me, obedient and meek,
Repose myself all the day long.

My spirit and faculties fail;
Oh, finish what love has begun;
Destroy what is sinful and frail,
And dwell in the soul thou hast won!
Dear theme of my wonder and praise!
I cry, Who is worthy as thou?
I can only be silent and gaze,
'Tis all that is left to me now.

O glory! in which I am lost,
Too deep for the plummet of thought!
On an ocean of Deity tossed, —
I am swallowed, — I sink into nought.
Yet lost and absorbed as I seem,
I chant to the praise of my king;
And though overwhelmed by the theme,
Am happy whenever I sing.

[Original.]

BLESSINGS.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

GOOD gifts he giveth unto all,
To those who praise, and who revile;
And o'er the land where'er they fall,
Shines clear his beaming smile.

So cold are we, our eyes so blind,
We do not know how bright they are;
But while he guides we look behind,
And live unmindful of his care.

Oh, through the darkness of the night,
Dear Lord, that this world's care will bring,
Oh, teach us yet to see the light,
And thy sweet praise to sing.

Oh, make us tender of thy smiles,
And thankful for that perfect love
Which from this world our heart beguiles
Up to the world above.

North Hero, Vt.

[Original.]

THE PURE FOUNTAIN.

BY REV. F. BROWN.

WE are apt to think of a fountain as the emblem of origin, and so it is, of things palpable to the senses. It is the visible origin of the thousand pearly streams that meander through the meadows, and ripple among the stones, and with boisterous laughter leap over the rocks; but the fountain itself is supplied from the subterranean reservoirs of the kingdom of nature, and is, in fact, the effect of frequent struggles on the part of the pent-up waters that long to break the granite bars of their prison, and look upon the glorious light of this upper world.

Whatever things are good, and pure, and useful among men, the numerous streams that gladden the moral desert and make the barren waste of depraved nature an Eden, flow from the pure fountain of a published gospel, but the fountain itself is sustained by the overflowing of the infinite heart of a God of love. Beneath the visible and tangible there is the hidden hand of the Omnipotent. Without the special and constant interference of that hand, Christianity would be a beautiful system of doctrine, but it would not be the "power of God, and the wisdom of God."

The great pledge of the conversion of our world to the pure religion of the gospel, is found in the fact of its supernatural origin. It is the vigorous production of the perfect wisdom of the Godhead; the gushing forth of infinite love. Appealing to this overwhelming truth, the human instruments believed and labored with an earnestness that astonished the world. As they fell with irresistible power upon the dark and trembling ranks of superstition and crime, this was their shout of victory, "The weapons of our warfare are not

carnal, but mighty through God, to the pulling down of strongholds."

The purity of the gospel is indicative of the spotless character of its Author. Age after age one system of philosophy after another has sprung from the creative brain of man, but they are all more or less defective. The purest of them are not free from dark stains that painfully remind us of the depraved condition of the best and brightest men that have illumed the hemisphere of learning. Their moral rules, weak in themselves, were loaded with exceptions, and yet were far removed above the practice of the masses. If the curtain that hid the truth was lifted for a moment, giving a glance into its mysteries, it fell again and was followed by the thick darkness of error. "The world by wisdom knew not God."

How superior is that system of truth, whose prominent fact is the provision of a fountain, whose waters effectually wash out the stains of guilt from the soul. No question is so full of importance to fallen man, as "What must I do to be saved?" Yet we search the musty records of antiquity for a solution in vain. In the gospel, fresh from the pen of the Infinite, we have a full and intelligible reply. Even the darkened mind of the Jew had admitted this bright truth: "None can forgive sins but God only." A message offering moral purity to the debased, desponding, and polluted, bears on its very face the signature of a merciful God.

As it is impossible for a stream to rise above its source, so it is impossible that the high and holy and perfect system of Christianity should have originated in the groveling and unholy and ignorant mind of man. If it had been the work of man, however "cunningly devised," it would have been marked by the imperfections inseparable from humanity. With triumph we point to it as the sum of all excellency, — the gospel of salva-

tion to the world. When we bend over its hallowed truths, irradiated with the light of heaven, we are conscious of increased light and power in our own souls. Deep in its clear waters we see the lineaments of the Deity distinctly mirrored. We stoop, we gaze fixedly, intensely, and are transformed into the same image "by the Spirit of the Lord."

Nature spreads out her pages and bids us read, but there are features of the divine character that are not traceable there. She holds up her beauties to our gaze, she spreads out her verdant landscapes, she points to her venerable mountain forms. A thousand varying hues flit in beautiful succession around us, but alas, we see it all "as through a glass darkly," but in the ever-blessed gospel we see as distinctly, as perfectly, as if it were a "face to face" exhibition of the moral character of God. It brings the Great Unknown into familiar acquaintance with the unworthy soul. We feel the palpitation of his heart of love, we hear the sweet tones of his voice, we drink in the light of his smile. Again he walks and converses with his human nature, producing feelings of love, not of fear. We taste the sweets of a moral paradise, nor envy Adam the bowers of Eden.

Westbrook, Conn.

BUNYAN'S VIEW OF FAITH.

HOPEFUL.—So I continued praying until the Father showed me his Son.

CHRISTIAN.—And how was he revealed unto you?

HOPEFUL.—I did not see with my bodily eyes, but with the eyes of my understanding (Eph. i. 18, 19), and thus it was: One day I was very sad, I think sadder than at any one time of my life; and this sadness was through a fresh sight of the greatness and vileness of my sins. And as I was then looking for nothing but hell, and the everlasting damnation

of my soul, suddenly, as I thought, I saw the Lord Jesus looking down from heaven upon me, and saying, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." (Acts xvi. 31.)

But I replied, "Lord, I am a great, a very great sinner;" and he answered, "My grace is sufficient for thee." (2 Cor. xii. 9.)

Then I said, "But Lord, what is believing?" And then I saw, from that saying, "He that cometh to me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on me shall never thirst," (John vi. 35,) that believing and coming was all one; and that he that came, that is, that ran out in his heart and affections after salvation by Christ, he, indeed, believed in Christ.

Then the water stood in mine eyes, and I asked further, "But, Lord, may such a great sinner as I am be indeed accepted of thee, and be saved by thee?" And I heard him say, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out. (John vi. 37.)

Then I said, "But how, Lord, must I consider of thee in my coming to thee, that my faith may be placed aright upon thee?" Then he said, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." (1 Tim. i. 15.) "He is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believes." (Rom. x. 4, and chapter iv.) "He died for our sins, and rose again for our justification." (Rom. iv. 24.) "He loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood." (Rev. i. 5.) "He is the mediator between God and us." (1 Tim. ii. 5.) "He ever liveth to make intercession for us." (Heb. vii. 25.)

From all of which I gathered that I must look for righteousness in his person, and for satisfaction for my sins by his blood; that he died in obedience to his Father's law, and in submitting to the penalty thereof, was not for himself, but for him that will accept it for his salvation, and be thankful. And now was

my heart full of joy, mine eyes full of tears, and mine affections running over with love to the name, people, and ways of Jesus Christ.

CHRISTIAN.—This was a revelation of Christ to your soul indeed. But tell me particularly what effect this had upon your spirit.

HOPEFUL.—It made me see that all the world, notwithstanding all the righteousness thereof, is in a state of condemnation. It made me see that God the Father, though he be just, can justify the coming sinner. It made me greatly ashamed of the vileness of my former life, and confounded me with a sense of my own ignorance; for there never came a thought into my heart before now that showed me so the beauty of Jesus Christ. It made me love a holy life, and long to do something for the honor and glory of the name of the Lord Jesus. Yes, I thought that had I now a thousand gallons of blood in my body, I could spill it all for the sake of the Lord Jesus.

SPIRITUAL DEATH.

BY REV. A. C. THOMPSON.

"I know thy works, that thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead."

HERE is directness and comparative abruptness. Other epistles have commenced with commendation; there is none for this church. "Art dead!" What a knell is sounded from Patmos! He who needeth not that any should testify of man, whose province it is to give life to as many as he will, who once said, "She is not dead, but sleepeth," now speaks to the Sardian church: "Thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead." Yes; she that liveth in pleasure, is dead while she liveth. The seductions of Satan, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, have eaten out spirituality at Sardis. Nothing is said about divisions or here-

sies; not a word about Nicolaitanes, or the doctrine of Balaam. For aught that appears, the ordinances are maintained; there is liberality, and courtesy, and refinement; but there is death. Exact they may be in forms, but they are dead. Their meetings are cheerless, their prayers lifeless. They dare not offend cultivated and wealthy neighbors, by making a stand on principle. They have kept conforming and conforming, running down and running down, till they are dead. They probably thought Paul very strict, and that, although disciples in Palestine could not well escape persecution, there was no need of it in a place of so much urbanity as Sardis; that as they were charged with preciseness and bigotry, it was well to show they knew how to enjoy life as well as others,—quieting conscience by the plea, that in this way they hoped to win over many to their ranks. The result is, they have themselves become dead. They have lost all spiritual comfort, all spiritual power. They are a withered branch, bearing no fruit, ready to be cut off and cast into the fire.

A dead professor, one spiritually a corpse, what an object! We have seen such a one. He lost his hearing first. His pastor seemed to him to be growing dull, and not to preach half so well as formerly. There was no music in the praises of the sanctuary, unless performed with highest artistic excellence; and his ears waxed heavier and heavier, till he ceased to catch one word of the still, small voice. So with his sight and taste of things spiritual; and so with all the senses, till nothing but faint respiration and a sluggish circulation seemed to remain. A deadly stupor was stealing over him; and finally an unseen hand appeared to press down the last valve of life, and he is dead. Go to him,—repeat the name that is above every name in his ear,—does it awaken any emotion? Present the sacramental bread,—does

he discern the Lord's body? Let an angel bring a coal from off the altar,—does he feel any glow? He is dead! But go to him and whisper of a pleasure-party, of a political meeting, of a witty lecturer, of a splendid bargain to be made, and he is on his feet; no one more active than he. "He has a name that he liveth." Are there not at the present time many such living dead men,—many whose epitaphs might be written to-day?

SPURGEON AT A LATE MISSIONARY JUBILEE.

I HAVE sometimes said to my congregation, speaking individually to every one,—

Dost mind the place, the spot of ground,
Where Jesus did thee meet?

and when they could say, "Ay, Lord! I do remember that spot where my soul, stripped of all confidence in its own righteousness, and all hope in its own strength, took Christ to be its all in all simply out of sheer necessity, because it did not know where else to go; other refuge it had none, and the helpless soul did hang itself upon Christ." When I put this question, there has always been a gleam in the eye, and oftentimes a tear; and I am sure there has not been one who would dissent from the sentiment, that the spot where we were converted becomes sacred to us at once.

We love the minister through whom we were brought to Christ; we treasure up as a golden text, that text which was the key to open Giant Despair's dungeon. I am individually willing to thank God, that whilst I learned the doctrines of grace, which I now preach, from my father's lips, and through listening to ministers of another denomination, and whilst I received my first impressions from my mother's prayers, and whilst also I received much further conviction through earnest, honest men, to whom I listened,

yet never did a gleam of light pierce my dark spirit, never did I know the way of salvation clearly so as to run into it, till I heard of it from the lips of one, not of your regular itinerant preachers, but a poor local preacher, who preached simply Jesus Christ. It would be ungrateful to God, I am sure, if I did not thank God I ever entered the Primitive Methodist place of worship at Colchester; and I should consider myself unworthy of the name of a Christian minister, receiving as I do, the love of those who are converted under my instrumentality, if I did not set them also an example by showing, as far as I can, a little gratitude, first to that individual, whose name I don't know, and whose person I may never remember to the day of judgment, and next to you who were the means, as a body, of calling him forth to preach, and so through him, of bringing me to the light of God.

I also welcome you "to his tabernacle," not simply because you are part of the church of Christ, and because of your usefulness to myself; but there are some points on which I can express honest, hearty appreciation of the Primitive Methodist body.

What most denominations want is fire alive from on high. It is of no use to go on in a dull and sleepy way; we must have life and energy. A man with one talent, if he knows how to put it into the fire and make it red-hot, will do more to burn Satan's fingers with that one talent than if he had ten talents that were cold.

And another thing for which you are to be commended, is simplicity of speech. The ruin of many pulpits is fine language. Depend upon it, there is nothing like the common vulgar tongue.

"I use market language," said Whitefield, and we must "use market language," if we would get to the people's ears. Never, as a denomination, try to get fine; don't affect fine speech; don't

attempt to be eloquent ; there is nothing so ridiculous as a man trying to say a thing magnificently ; say what you feel, and you will say it well.

TRUE COURAGE.

BY H. W. BEECHER.

MANY have not the courage to throw their life-force into their religious convictions and to carry them out in full, into active life. For instance, among the things taught us the earliest, the latest, and the most constant, in the Bible, is trust in God, as the Father of all. "Let your conversation be without covetousness ; and be content with such things as ye have." That is, do not take another man's prosperity to be a rasp to destroy your own peace of mind with. One man goes along the street, and looks at the basket of his neighbor who is going home from market, and says, "If I were in that man's place I should have money enough to buy such things as he has in his basket. He can have luxuries, but I am poor, and can not have them." Another man, as he goes by the stalls, and sees an abundance of delicacies exposed for sale, turns his head away and says, "I am poor and can not afford delicacies." Another man passes a lady in rustling silk, and says, "I am poor, and can not give my wife and daughters such silks." Another man on seeing a better house than his own, does not say, "Thank God, there is a good house," but turns and says, "Thank the devil, there is a poor one." Some men, if they see a rich man, say, "I am poor ;" if they see a man that is high up, they say, "I am low down ;" if they see a man that is well dressed, they say, "I am shabbily dressed ;" if they see a man that is prospered, they say, "I am not prospered." And so they are for ever letting their conversa-

tion be filled with covetousness, and picking at other men's prosperity, or at their own hearts on account of it. Now the apostle says, "Let your conversation be without covetousness, and be content with such things as ye have." Boldly aspire, be honorably industrious and enterprising, and then take what God has given you, and be content with it. If the first time you try you fail, try again ; and whatever the result is, be content with it. "Be content with such things as ye have." Why ? Because a banker greater than Rothschild or Baring brothers has said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." Draw on God Almighty. He never will dishonor a draft made in faith. I do not mean a draft for boots and shoes, and coats and vests, and bread and meat ; I mean a draft for something that the soul needs. With respect to every soul-want, God says, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." Yea, I believe this promise has reference to the outside, too. I believe that if a man has faith in God, when he is in trouble, that faith glorifies his tears, and makes every orb of them a star, a gem, in his immortal crown. I believe that when a man has trust in God, it strikes through, and helps the body as much as the soul. "Let your conversation be without covetousness ; and be content with such things as ye have : for he hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." So that we may boldly say, "The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me."

I am afraid this is the last consolation that men are accustomed to avail themselves of in the overthrow of their affairs or when their affairs are threatened to be overthrown. I am afraid that there are few men that under such circumstances go into their closet and before God, and, putting their hand in the pierced hand of the Saviour, say, "I claim the fulfillment of thy promise : I

will not fear what men shall do unto me, in the midst of present vexations, and in the prospect of coming troubles." There are few men that have the courage to stand and look disaster in the face, and say, "God is with me, and I do not fear what shall come upon me; for if God be for me, who can be against me?"

There are very few, I have said, that are courageous enough to follow out their faith in God. I think there are ten men that would go to the stake and be burned for their faith in Protestantism as distinguished from Catholicism, where there is one who would stand by his faith in God. Our faith in doctrines and dogmas is strong, amounting to obstinacy, oftentimes, but our faith in spiritual elements is not so strong. For instance, it is declared, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." A Christian parent, in the light of this declaration, says to his child, "You must not grow up to think that you must have a great house, a retinue of servants, fine equipage, etc.; you must not expect these things; you must grow up with the understanding that truth, virtue, honor, manhood, and things like these, are the best things in the world;" and this is as good teaching as though it were in the catechism. But trying times come, and a change comes over the father, and the child does not know what is the matter with him. He is haggard; he can not eat his breakfast; he drinks down an over-strong cup of tea, and away he goes; he does not come back to his accustomed meal; and when he does come back he is in a troubled, uneasy state of mind. Things go on so for a day, for two days, for a week, for a fortnight, and the child at last goes to his mother and says, "'Ma, what is the matter with pa?" After some hesitation as to whether it is proper to answer the question, the mother ventures to say,

"My child, your father is exceedingly afraid that he is going to fail." "What is failing?" "Why, it is to lose one's goods and money." "Well, 'ma, I thought 'pa told me, the other day, that I must not care for such things as houses and lands, and stores, and goods; and that truth, and virtue, and honor, and manhood, were the best things to bring me up on; is he going to lose his manhood, and honor, and virtue?" If the mother tells the truth, oftentimes, she says, "I am afraid he is, and that is the worst of it." For where a man loses the outside, the inside is apt to go too. He risks the inside to save the outside, and when the devil has secured the one, he takes the other. The devil says to him, "Lie, and I will see that your worldly interests do not suffer," and when he has the halter around the man's neck, and in his hand, he says, "Play dishonesty; it will not do to be too scrupulous: do and dare, and I will see you safely through;" and when he has cheated the man out of piety, and manhood, he strips him of his external surroundings; and then the man is ruined inside and out. A Christian man, to be true to his faith, must love truth, and be willing to adhere to it; must love integrity, and be willing to strive for it, however much he may be jostled and joggled by the infirmities of human life; must desire to maintain a conscience void of offence, and be willing to suffer for the sake of doing it. Otherwise the little child will sit in the judgment-seat and say, "'Pa, you told me that a man's life did not consist in the abundance of the things which he possesses."

Oh, how few of us who preach so glibly on this subject have the moral courage to follow our own preaching. "Do you think you could do it yourself?" you say. It does not make any difference whether I could or could not. I know one thing: I shall make a bold push for it, if it comes to that. I am living in a

house bigger than some of you; but if you think that it would cause me a tear to be obliged to give it up, you do not understand me. I enjoy the things that I have about me, and that I have earned by the sweat of my brow; but if you think it would cause me the loss of one night's sleep to be deprived of them, I wish you would come and see me laugh while the bidding is going on. I will defy you! What though I should be stripped of every thing, and be sent back where I was in the beginning? When, about twenty-five years ago, I began public life, I had no experience, no repute, no honor, no habits formed; I had nothing, and I was quite willing to begin with nothing. But suppose now all my external surroundings should be peeled off and swept away, what would I have to start on again? Why, the experience of twenty-five years; a heart made a great deal deeper by God's digging wells of grief in it; sorrows upon sorrows for which I bless God, tears shed, without number, all of which have done me good; burdens carried that I have felt better for carrying; crosses laid upon me, to bear which has filled me with joy. I should be ashamed, after twenty-five years' apprenticeship, if, having lost my shop and tools, I could not begin where I once began without experience. You need not tell me that it is hard to begin again, where a man has failed at the age of forty-five, or fifty-five, or sixty. It is hard if he wants to carry the same breadth that he did before he failed, but it is not hard if he is willing to go back where he begun. If he is willing to rely upon his virtue and courage and experience, it is not a very troublesome thing.

But how many men have faith in these simple truths? How many men that hear them to-day will have the courage to follow them out to-morrow?

. . . The righteous are bold as a lion.

[Original.]

AN ASPIRATION.

BY HARRIETTE.

I LONG to be there, not in heaven above,
But to know the full heaven of Jesus's love;
For the rapture, the bliss of the heavenly state,
My appointed time I will patiently wait.

But I haste, blessed Jesus, to be wholly thine;
In the garments of holiness here would I shine;
My wanderings and idols for ever give o'er,
And lean on thy breast, evermore, evermore.

There's no sorrow above, nor death's rude alarms,
The loved and the cherished to tear from my arms,

The sweet buds of hope never turn to despair,
And the arm of oppression is never felt there.

Yes, I know there are thornless flowers above,
Rivers that flow from the ocean of love;
My loved ones are there, who have gone on before,

Bright spirits to meet me on that happy shore.

Yet I sigh not for these: the boon that I seek
Is lowly to sit at the Saviour's blest feet;
To drink in his spirit, to learn of his ways,
And reflect his pure image my remnant of days.

[Original.]

NOTES BY THE WAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE WAY OF HOLINESS.

[The following communication from Sister Palmer came a little too late for the August Guide; but it will be welcomed now by our readers, as her "Notes by the Way" are ever fresh, though read after their date.]

As we left Banbury for Oxford, several dear friends were at the railroad station, among whom were the two resident Wesleyan ministers, several local preachers, and other brethren and sisters in Christ, with whom, as fellow-helpers, we had labored in the blessed revival with which Banbury has just been visited. Here were some who had but newly commenced their career of discipleship, and others whose loving hearts and spirit-touched lips were all aglow with the freshness of the baptism of fire. We had met and had felt that "the fellowship of kindred minds is like to that above," and now after three weeks of blessed toil we exchanged the last long

wishful gaze, expecting to meet no more till the labors of life were ended.

It was amid these parting scenes that we said, "If we were to invite you to visit our home in America, few if any present could accept the invitation; but we ask you to visit us in our HOME IN HEAVEN. We have a mansion going up there, and to this we invite you all." I need not say that the invitation was accepted. It was in allusion to an anticipated visit of this sort to the mansion of our friends in heaven, that we repeated amid these parting scenes the accompanying original lines, a copy of which we have promised to give.

A VISIT TO MY FRIEND'S MANSION IN THE EARLY AGES OF ETERNITY.

Earth's travelers have all gone o'er
The boundaries of time,
Not one, but what has reached the shore
Of that peculiar clime,
Where all is real: what had been
But dim when on life's page,
In living substance here is seen,
Grown mightier still with age.
The beauteous city of my God,
Jerusalem so bright!
Well, I its glittering paths have trod,
A happy child of light;
And as I walk each golden street,
Counting each towering spire,
How many a much-loved friend I meet,
And strike anew my lyre.
But whose this mansion? 'tis so fair,
I venture in, and lo!
I find the blessed inmate there,
One I well knew below.
And shall I wonder? Jesus said
Your mansions I prepare;
This is my friend's, 'twas for him made,
Why wonder that he's there.

We reached

OXFORD,

the renowned ancient seat of literature about twelve o'clock, and proceeded to the house of Rev. Mr. Rowley. Mrs. R., our friend, is the daughter of the late eminent commentator, Dr. Adam Clarke. In personal appearance and traits of character, she is said to resemble her illustrious sire, and in case the Doctor had lived to carry out his wishes in visiting America,

his daughter, Mrs. R., was expected to accompany him. Her youngest son, who is preparing for the ministry in the Church of England, and her devoted and talented daughter, "E. R.," the interesting correspondent of the Guide to Holiness, were our kind guides through the town of Oxford. Among the more prominent scenes calculated to recall the history of the past, was

LINCOLN COLLEGE.

We entered the grounds by a tower gateway with a groined roof, into a quadrangle eighty feet square, having the library rooms on the north, the hall on the east, and the rector's lodgings on the south side. The college was founded in 1427, and we were informed that there had been but little external alteration since 1436. On the south side is the chapel built by the Bishop of Lincoln in 1631. I will not attempt to describe how hallowed to sacred memories the time appeared as we walked over the ground, and surveyed the scenes which had been so oft trodden and so familiar to the great and good men, John and Charles Wesley.

We were not able to gain access to the rooms occupied by John Wesley when Fellow of this College. The professor occupying the suite of rooms having died within the past day or two, and his body now awaiting burial from the same spot. But as we gazed into the windows of that room, which is still designated as Wesley's room, we thought of the mighty blaze now spreading over the earth through the power of that form of Christianity here first developed, and in derision called Methodism, and exclaimed, What hath God wrought! A running vine, bearing the name of Wesley's vine, creeps up by the window of his room.

Oxford city has been renowned from time immemorial for its academic halls. From the time of King Alfred, who

founded a large hall of learning here, to the 13th century, talented and learned men were in the habit of associating themselves together at Oxford, in order by united efforts to learn from each other how to advance more rapidly in the arts and sciences. Books being a rare curiosity in those days, it was only at some seat of learning that such luxuries could be enjoyed.

We can not speak with certainty of the number of colleges, but having some curiosity on the subject, counted nineteen, the most of which are centuries old.

CHRIST CHURCH UNIVERSITY is among the oldest and most renowned. Here the sons of the nobility have generally accomplished their collegiate course. The son of England's reigning sovereign has recently left this University for Cambridge, where he expects to finish his collegiate course. Christ Church is entered by a great gate called Toms-Gate. It derives its name from the cupola containing the large bell so named. The weight of this bell is about 17,000 pounds, nearly double the weight of the great bell in St. Paul's, London.

The ambitious Cardinal Wolsey, obtained letters patent for the foundation of this college from Henry VIII. in 1525, but before his design was completed, lost the favor of his sovereign, and was not long after banished to comparative solitude, and on his death-bed exclaimed, "Oh! if I had but been as careful to please God, as I have been to serve my prince, he would not have forsaken me in my old age."

Christ Church hall is adorned with over a hundred original portraits taken from life by eminent artists. Here are the likenesses of kings and queens, bishops, dukes, and lords, most of whom have long since passed away. The most memorable object of curiosity to ourselves was the cathedral. The building is said to be of the 12th century. The church is cruciform. In its struc-

ture, images, and all the indices of every sort are such as to make it difficult for us to feel that we are not in a cathedral in the Pope's dominions, rather than within five minutes' walk of where martyrs were burned for their adherence to the Protestant faith.

I might mention particulars, but time will not admit. One of the more marked is this. After having passed up and down through various isles of this singularly constructed church, reading the inscriptions on the tombs of canonized saints, and looking at a new gorgeous stained-glass window whose panes presented various passages in the life of a saint, long since canonized in the annals of popery, we came to a place where stood a throne. We had passed pulpits in several places, as we had been threading our way from one part of the church to another. But here, a little removed from a magnificent altar, whose surroundings were hung in scarlet, and where were large wax candles, such as are usual in Romish churches, was a throne. A throne?

A THRONE!

I exclaimed with surprise. "Yes, a throne," was the answer from our guide. A throne with gorgeous canopy and scarlet hangings in a church was such a rare sight, that, in our ignorance, our first impulses were only to think of a throne in connection with the sovereignty of England or the church of Rome.

"The throne is for the Bishop of Oxford; that is his seat," said our guide.

"Does he preach there?" I asked.

"No; it is his throne where he performs his official acts, and where he sits, with the exception of when he occasionally preaches, then he occupies a pulpit."

After witnessing such sights, and listening to such recitals, one can imagine that but a short step is to be taken to get back again to such scenes as were witnessed in olden times. Oxford is the

birthplace of Puseyism, and the throne I had looked upon was that occupied by the pontiff of the Puseyite party, the Bishop of Oxford. It may surprise some to hear that this Church of England Bishop, who is thus joining hands with the Church of Rome, is the degenerate son of the lamented philanthropist Wilberforce.

Leaving Christ Church, we desired our friends to take us to the place where the martyr-spirits, Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer ascended to heaven amid burning fagots. The spot is within a few moments' drive of the semi-popish cathedral we had just visited. The driver alighted, announcing that we were now on the ground, which, as he affirmed, was marked by a recumbent

IRON CROSS.

The cross was deeply hidden by the incrustations of ice from the drizzling rains and the cold snows of winter. But our driver, by the aid of another, with sturdy nailed boots, succeeded in clearing away the ice and snow, and after a few moments we beheld the fitting emblem of the cross marking the place where, by the authority of the Church of Rome, Bishops Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer laid down their lives for their adherence to truth. And what a scene was this to witness within but a few moments' walk of where we had beheld such palpable manifestations of a return to the practice and principles of Romanism.

After taking our leave of the place where the martyrs were burned, we proceeded a short distance in the midst of the town, to a pleasant, large square, where stands the

MARTYR'S MEMORIAL.

And here we looked upon a large, beautiful monument erected to the memory of the martyred Bishops,—the imposing structure at the northern extremity of the churchyard of St. Mary Magdalene. The north aisle of this

church has been entirely rebuilt, as a part sacred to the memory of the three chief martyrs of the Reformation, and is called the Martyr's Aisle. The monument was reared in 1841. It is built of a light stone called magnesian limestone. It is in the decorated style, and is, I should judge, about one hundred and fifty feet high; has three stories or divisions, in the centre of which are the figures of the martyr Bishops.

In the lower story, facing the north, is the inscription giving the particulars for which the monument was erected. Over this, facing the St. Giles's Church, is the figure of Cranmer, the other side, facing towards Baliol is Ridley, and that facing the Corn Market is Latimer. My feelings would lead me to pause here and analyze the emotions inspired by these spirit-

STIRRING SCENES.

Here I am travelling over ground trodden by the feet and watered by the tears of those champions of the truth who assisted in preparing the way for the glorious Reformation. Here are churches all around me still standing as centuries since, within whose walls these martyr-spirits, when on earth, worshiped, and at whose altars they ministered. What scenes the town of Oxford must have witnessed, and how many weepers between the porch and the altars, at the time when bloody Rome held undisguised sway, and by the command of her pontificates lighted the funeral pile, while lingering angels from the heavenly world, with chariots of fire, waited near to witness amid crackling flame the silver cord loosened, and convey these, of whom the world was not worthy, to their home in paradise.

And now, could spirits sigh and weep, we might imagine them again sighing and weeping over the rapid return of Romanism in disguise through the sophistries of Puseyism; and if the Lamb does

not give a great increase of power to the Beast, and help forward the healing of the deadly wound, it will not be the fault of the Bishop of Oxford or Dr. Pusey.

There are a few dissenting chapels in Oxford. Of the more commodious of these is the Wesleyan chapel. It was built several years after the death of the founder of Methodism, and dedicated to the service of Almighty God by the eminent commentator, Dr. Adam Clarke, whose interesting grandson and daughter were now accompanying us. Other interesting items crowd upon my mind, but my large and closely filled sheet tells me I must pause.

[Original.]

THE SPIRIT'S RETURN.

BY ALVARO F. GIBBENS.

To thee, O Lord of earth and sky,
My humble song I bring,
And claim the promise of thy grace,
While I attempt to sing.

The universal world is thine,
And silent Nature's praise
For ever to thy throne ascends
From her ten thousand ways.

The sun itself thy glory shows,
The stars thy wisdom tell;
Shall we, vile creatures, dare refuse
The choral song to swell?

Ah, no. This mortal frame of dust,
All feeble though it be,
Contains a spark of heavenly fire
Which must return to thee.

A breath from thy great throne, O God,
Will kindle it to love;
Till, warmed with a celestial hope,
It flies to heaven above.

The dampening shower of worldly cares,
May cloud it for an hour,
But thy great love can keep the flame,
And quicken with its power.

And when this tenement of clay
Shall lose its power to chain;
Draw back to thee, O God, this spark,
This weary soul again.

Parkersburg, Va.

[Original.]

"BE YE HOLY."

BY M. M. J.

READER, have you named the name of Jesus? If you have, then heed this injunction, "Be ye holy," and wear your profession with honor to the doctrine you profess, letting your light so shine that others, through its happy influences, may be made partakers of "like precious faith." A city on a hill can not be hid; much less the light emanating from the happy spirit, born of God, and filled with the fullness of his love. You may deceive yourself and others, but beware, the eye of the Omnipresent One sees, without a glass, sin's dark death-spot on the soul. Think you it is no privilege to "adorn," to render "attractive," the religion of Christ? The pious soul, wrapt in the garments of holiness, delights, exults in the enjoyment of this heaven-bestowed privilege. How beautiful the cross, standing on Calvary appears, because adorned by the holy, resigned, and peaceful life of the amiable Sufferer. Be not deceived; Christ is your example. His divinity does not render this inoperative, for he also possessed a human nature, which was exposed to temptation and all the vicissitudes of humanity; and he, "when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not; but committed himself to him who judgeth righteously." (1 Peter ii. 23.) Such will be the utmost endeavor of every true follower of the lowly, lovely Jesus. The apostles, after being scourged for preaching the Word, rejoiced that they had been "accounted worthy to suffer shame for his name." (Acts v. 41.) These are very important and significant examples for the child of grace. Of all the javelins of persecution hurled against the soul, none is so deadly poisonous as *that* which is fixed by our own hands. Man is his own most formidable persecutor,

for this reason he should suffer and endure afflictions as a good soldier, holding fast his hope unto the end.

Have you vicious passions and desires unrestrained, a will unconquered? these are remnant roots of bitterness and sin. If you flee from the devil, he will flee from you; but in doing so be sure and run towards Jesus; and he will receive you into his open arms —

“Joined by the unction from above,
In mystic fellowship of love.”

Without *this*, the most faithful observances of the external ordinances and means of grace can never save you; no, nothing but an internal work, God in the heart, can subdue the rising impulse to sin. *This is safe*: God dwelling in the soul, working *to will* and *to do* of his own good pleasure. Wash in all the streams of earth, and you shall be filthy, yea, filthier still; but go wash in the flowing blood-stream of Calvary and you shall be clean every whit. “Be ye holy” in heart and in life, “inside and outside.” Bring the pruning-knife of a watchful spirit to operate on your thoughts, motives, desires, and actions; be in earnest, and if there be branches and twigs that disturb or obstruct your peace, do not cut through the bark and withdraw the knife, but cut them off and cast them away, otherwise they will dwarf the whole tree, and shrink the fruit to nothing. Pruning and affliction are full of health and life, — strange paradox! In the darkest cloud lives a glory; its shadow may be dark and terrific, so as to make one tremble and quake with fear; yet, there is a light beyond, which may (if we will permit it) vanquish the portentous cloud, and beam forth in fondest gleams of glory.

Live in charity (love) with all men. Bacon has borne to charity a tribute worthy his genius, — here it is: “The desire of power was the fall of angels; the desire of knowledge the fall of man;

but in charity there is no excess; neither men nor angels ever incurred danger by it. If your tongue has not learned the gospel rule, “Speak evil of no man,” nor your heart “to do unto others as you would have others do to you,” listen to St. Paul’s philosophy and conclusion on this point. “Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity,” — why, what then? — “I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.”

“Love only can the conquest win,
The strength of sin subdue,
(Mine own unconquerable sin,)
And form my soul anew.

“O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow,
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow!

“O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call,
Spirit of burning come!”

If there are such things as *trifling* actions in life, God beholds them, and will bring them into judgment. Then let us watch over, striving to suppress, our little petulances, and be not provoked to anger, but rather to godliness. The immortal spirit can not afford to sport with that on which hangs its endless destiny. Let us bestir ourselves, that we may be found with our lamps trimmed and our lights burning, so as to enter in with the bridegroom at the coming.

Canada West, July 15, 1861.

SECRET INFLUENCES.

A FEW years ago it was announced that the workmen, engaged in making an examination of a vessel in one of our docks, ascertained that the ship’s bottom, at a certain place a few inches square, was not thicker than a piece of common paper. A careful search for the cause at length revealed the fact that, in the space between the plank which faced the water

and that which made the inner floor, there was lodged a small pebble. It had been there for *two years*, and, with every motion of the vessel on its billowy home, it had moved incessantly back and forth. In the course of a year it wore away an inch of solid timber. During the second year it wore away nearly two inches more, its greater room giving it a greater momentum, and, of course, increasing its power for doing harm.

As this incident recently met my eye, my mind at once started upon this train of thought: So it ever is with many of the most destructive agencies that affect our personal, social, and public interest. They are unnoticed till their deadly work is nearly done. The dew does not fall upon the earth more silently, nor the air insinuate itself into crevice and nook more noiselessly, than evil influences often work out their fatal results. And it would not be a greater folly to say that, because the captain of that vessel was ignorant of the imprisoned pebble and saw no indication of its destructive agency, the agency was less real, and, but for the fortunate discovery, less certain to produce disaster, than for us to think lightly of secret moral influences because they are hidden from our sight. It is the secret, unnoticed agency that, in numberless instances, like the unseen pebble, wears away the strongest barriers of the human heart, and works its ruin before the existence of any special danger is even suspected. Error, in the outset, generally wears a mask, and conceals its real character. The poison that corrupts the morals of men is infused, at first, stealthily. Thus unseen, unheard, unsuspected agencies undermine health, happiness, prosperity; ruin bodies, souls, churches, nations.

We have known an anxious sinner to be held back for months, and even years, from Christ and peace by an evil habit or a bad book, the existence of which none suspected till the discovery was made by

some circumstance apparently accidental. We have known professing Christians to be inefficient and unhappy, year after year, in consequence of some error imbibed, or some wrong-doing indulged, which were known to none save the sufferer, and not clearly understood, even by him, as the source of his acknowledged wretchedness. Doubtless, the mystery which often seems to hang over both the long lingering in darkness and distress of some inquirers, and the lack of enjoyment and efficiency in many professing Christians, would be at once explained if all the secret influences which affect them were known. Sometimes we start back with horror at the apostasy or fall of one who has been *thought* eminent in Christian graces. But, even in such cases, it is not some sudden tornado of temptation that has swept him away. Secret influences have been long at work preparing him for the open demonstration. The loud crash of thunder, that shakes the moral heavens and rolls along its artillery of destruction, is but the effect of causes which we have not noticed. The moral earthquake, that visibly buries character in ruins, is produced by agencies that have escaped our observation. The volcanic eruption, that spreads its devastation abroad, is the product of combined influences that have acted beneath the surface.

So, alas, has it been with our tempest-tossed nation. The great forces that are to-day so sadly affecting us, as a nation, began in little things, and for thirty years or more operated, comparatively, unseen, and, by most, unsuspected. But like the pent-up fires of earth, they have continually accumulated strength, till at last they have broken forth into a power for evil that attracts the gaze of the world. The unseen pebble had worn the thick plank of our ship of state almost through. It had but little more than the thickness of paper, when the nation's unsuspecting eye made the discovery. A

little more and the ship would have inevitably gone down. May God bless the effort to repair her, and steer her safely through the stormy sea.—*From the Tract Journal.*

N O W.

TO-MORROW, and that mind immortal might be filled with burning thoughts of time wasted, life lost, and an eternity of misery secured. "*Now* is the accepted time." *Think now.* 'T would be awful to begin to think of the soul when beyond the reach of mercy. Think of a Saviour's love; of the prayers, and tears, and groans that have ascended up to God on your behalf. Can you wade through these to hell? Think of it. What a remembrance! What a worm, to know the soul lost for ever! And then think forward. Oh, for ever! — to reap the reward of my neglect for ever. You can not bear the thought. Would you avoid it?

Act now. Just now. It is yours. Bless the Lord, the present moment is yours, to be saved in. You have often thought about getting religion *some time*, but have put it off to a more convenient season. But you mean to get it. And yet to-day you are unsaved. Don't delay another moment; you see the danger. He who means to be saved to-morrow, drops into perdition, for to-morrow never comes. We must be saved *now*, or lost for ever.

Seeker of Entire Holiness, when do you expect to obtain it? You have sought long, — yes, so long that you are quite used to it. It has become a form to pray for a clean heart. Years roll around and find you praying to be cleansed from all unrighteousness. How long do you mean to have it so? Do you say, "I shall be cleansed in God's time." That time is *now*.

Come to the altar *now*. Lay the sacrifice on it. Bind it there *now*. And

the fire will fall and consume it. Glory to God.

A word to you who are saved *now*. Never let the devil persuade you from doing your duty in the present. You know sometimes the Spirit of the Lord has brought you up to a cross, and instead of taking it up, you *meant* to do it. *Now* is the only time.

Never be put back by the enemy, but live, work for God by the moment, and soon you shall hear the word —

Now come up higher.

[Original.]

A PETITION.

BY M. S. D.

FATHER, oh, grant me this, my heart's desire!
'Tis not to pass within the gates of pearl,
And now have place with yon celestial throng;
To tread with them Elysian fields, and pluck
Ambrosial flowers; in shining robe
And wear a seraph's crown; the golden lyre
Wake to angel melody. Nay, Father,
Nay; but rather this be mine, — to suffer
All thy holy will, and tarry in earth's
Vale long years, perchance, to watch and pray,
Toil and strive, fight life's battle through, and win
A victor's crown.

Yea, let me quaff to dregs
The bitter cup, and weep when Jesus weeps, —
Still know the fellowship of suffering,
And pray for those who'd fain crush the bleeding
Heart, and wring out the Christian life.

Then, when
My threescore years have passed away, and I
For thee alone have lived, and purged away
All earthly dross in tribulation's fire, —
Oh, grant a place close by the throne, with those
Who walked below in thorny paths, and drank
At Marah's fount, — who bore the cross, and chose
To suffer with the Master here, and for
His cause endure reproach, shame, and cruel
Persecution's torture; — the tested band,
Who in trials severe, and conflicts sore,
Faithful proved, and won a conqueror's palm.

Oh, nearest thy eternal self I'd stand,
And strike the notes that angel fingers ne'er
May touch, swell the song that spirits heaven-
born

Ne'er can sing, "Unto Him who hath us loved,
And in redeeming blood washed all our sins
Away, be praise and glory evermore"

Westport, N. Y.

[Original.]

"THE SAME, YET GROWING."

BY MARY.

THIS remark was made in reference to a departed saint whose exemplary life, uniform piety, and Christlike spirit, caused all who knew her to say, "Behold an Israelite indeed in whom is no guile!" She was a witness of perfect love, and her testimony of that blessed experience was definite and peculiarly sweet.

"Always the same, yet growing."

What a lovely character! A uniform Christian, a growing Christian. Abounding in all the fruits of the Spirit, and those fruits increasing more and more! Exhibiting all the Christian graces, and those graces growing and maturing daily to the glory and praise of God.

But some say, How can perfection become more perfect? If we be made perfect, how can there be an increase or growth in grace?

I remember a very beautiful lemon-tree that once ornamented my paternal dwelling. It was always green, and bright, and flourishing. No blight withered its verdant foliage, or caused its tender blossoms or young fruit to fall, prematurely. It was carefully nurtured; water, air, and sun were given, as it needed; its soil often enriched, and a genial atmosphere continually surrounding it; occasionally the pruning-knife was needed, and it was trimmed with greatest care, and always to its obvious improvement. Blossoms and fruit continually adorned its lovely branches, and every one who looked upon it exclaimed, What a charming lemon-tree!

That tree was subsequently given to a relative. Years passed ere I looked again upon its charms. How it had grown! From three feet it had grown to nearly reach the ceiling! Its blossoms and fruit had increased tenfold.

I said, can this be the same tree that was once my mother's? The reply was "It is the very same tree." But how it has grown! I exclaimed. It was a very beautiful tree five years ago, but how much more beautiful now! It was a perfect tree then,—a blooming and fruit-bearing tree then,—but it has grown so much larger and more fruitful, and the tree is so much finer!

The great Being,—infinite in wisdom, love, and power,—carefully nurtures the plants in his garden; the streams of that river which makes glad the city of God, flow freely, the Sun of Righteousness shines brightly, the breezes from the heavenly land blow sweetly, and new supplies of rich nutriment are daily afforded. When pruning is needed it is always done, for Jesus said, "Every branch that beareth fruit he purgeth it that it may bring forth more fruit; herein is my Father glorified that ye bear much fruit."

As in a natural tree or plant, after having attained a certain stage or condition to which favorable influences tend to advance it, the growth becomes more rapid, and more perceptible, so in the case of the Christian having been favored with abundant spiritual influences, brought into the brighter light of the glorious gospel, and living in the purer atmosphere of perfect love, exhibits an advancement greatly accelerated. The fruits of the Spirit become more and more abundant, and the beauty of holiness more and more apparent, in the spirit and life; and thus, until transplanted in the paradise above, there is constant growth and improvement. Nor does it then cease! When mortality is swallowed up of life, amid the glories of that world of ineffable bliss, there doubtless is progression, if not in purity, yet in knowledge, love, and enjoyment.

Life is sunshine or gloom, just as you choose to have it appear.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

TUESDAY MEETING.

54 Rivington St., N. Y.

THE meeting was opened by reading the 6th of Romans by a layman who had great nearness of access to the mercy-seat in prayer. His remarks were sweetly simple and spiritual. He said that in his closet, before coming to the meeting, he had asked for the presence of God with each of his dear children, who were about to gather from the different parts of the city. Then he felt the infinite condescension of God, who has the care of the many millions of earth, to listen to each of us; then of this little assembly, and he thought that perhaps the eye and presence of God was with no other such company of people on the earth, as those who were now met together with the one absorbing desire of holiness of heart.

One had been reading the life of Müller, and reminded of his own answers to prayer, *in little things*, as well as great things. He also said he could do nothing without faith, without which it was impossible to please God.

A minister said, that morning, as he was about to leave his house for his office, when at the door he thought he would return to his room again to refresh his spirit a little more in the Bible. He did so, and opened and read the 26th of Deuteronomy, and this passage had been very sweet in his ruminations through the day, as showing the *need* and *requirement* of profession of the blessing of sanctification. "I profess this day unto the Lord thy God, that I am come into the country which the Lord swore unto our fathers for to give to us." He said it was not sufficient to bring the basket of the fruits of holiness, but the *profession of the lips* is required from every partaker of the blessings of the goodly land.

Our feeble, but living epistle of holi-

ness, Dr. Bangs, rose and said he had fully determined upon coming to the meeting, not to speak, but his spirit had been stirred with the testimonies, as evidences of the divinity of Christ; each one had acknowledged his presence with them; then, of course, Jesus is God, to be omnipresent. It had brought to his mind what he once said to a Roman Catholic, "Then you believe Mary is divine, for you pray to her; if she hears you in America, and others in Europe, she is every where present, and she must be God." He said it startled the man's mind.

At the close of the meeting, this venerable servant, before prayer was offered for those who desired to enter into rest, wished all to rise and sing —

"I cannot wash my heart
But by believing thee,
And waiting for thy blood to impart
The spotless purity."

A most effectual consecrating prayer was offered by a minister, and we believe that many laid themselves upon the altar, and were accepted.

The work of holiness progresses all around us, among God's dear people of various names. One who had taken her sister for the first time to one of these special meetings, was rather too anxious while listening, thinking if this or that would profit her sister.

But God, who loves all souls, and can take care of mistakes, so convinced and enlightened her mind, that while a brother, at the close of the meeting, was conversing with her, she cast herself unreservedly upon Christ, and believed he accepted her. She returned to her home in perfect peace.

Yesterday, the way of faith, the necessity of faith, and the fruit of faith, in entering and walking in the way of holiness, was related in the experiences of the afternoon. It seemed the way was shown to be so easy, that none could

have left the place, who hungered and thirsted after righteousness, without being fully satisfied by perfect rest in Christ. One said he had often thought of what Mrs. Palmer had said years ago, — "A few moments' believing was better than much useless striving."

A minister was peculiarly happy in being present, pointing to the spot where he first sat; it was just a year since he found the way of faith more perfectly, so as to take Christ as his wisdom, redemption, and sanctification; his all in all. And that which he particularly liked about the meeting, is, there is no denomination here, — Christian is the only distinction. The first time he came, a year ago, he listened with intense interest, and thought, "This is just the experience I need." The next week he returned, and then his earnest crying was so great, that when those who wished the prayers of the meeting were requested to rise, he thought he would lie to the Holy Ghost if he sat still; and under the deep convictions of his soul he rose. His light continued to increase, and although he has suffered the buffetings of the enemy, yet knew he was safe in the Rock. He felt deeply the need of this fullness in Christ, for the general church, and exhorted the brethren and sisters to let their light shine, that the work of holiness may become universal.

A minister who spoke a little to those who were seeking purity of heart, gave an incident in point. He was conversing on religious topics with one of his people, and turned to this state of grace, when the man's interest was awakened, and he listened with deep attention, and related what had been his own experience about this doctrine of sanctification. At a camp-meeting, years ago, holiness of heart was preached and taught, and a brother near him, while kneeling in prayer, seeking, received the blessing, and was filled with rapturous joy. His own mind was poised upon these words,

"If thou wilt thou canst make me clean;" he refused to believe that God would do it for him. It was several times presented to him to *believe*, but he as persistently set it aside, and at last said, "*I wont.*"

Thus he had lost years which might have been fruitful in the richest experience and power of God, through the cleansing blood of Jesus.

Incidents were related to aid and help those who were striving to stretch forth the withered hand.

Mrs. — touchingly repeated one about her own little dying Sabbath scholar. "Why," said he, "If *I* may come just as I am, with so little preparation, with so much insensibility, the whole world might come and be saved." And looking as if he had caught her, said, "Then Universalism is true, Mrs. —." His teacher assured him the whole world *might come* if they would; and it was because they *would not come* that the blessed Jesus could not save them. She also said, "My dear William, the Holy Spirit is now drawing you; giving you to feel the need of a Saviour; and while you are trying to come, Jesus says to *you*, 'I will in no wise cast you out.'" With these words William seemed comforted, and his teacher left him hoping he would soon believe and rejoice, which he did.

What is faith? A receiving into the mind the truth concerning Jesus; a going to Jesus as revealed in the truth; a committing of the soul to Jesus; a trusting in Jesus, and a living upon Jesus for all things, to the glory of the Father. Faith triumphs over reason by receiving the revelation of the God of reason.

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find a flaw when he may have forgotten the cause.